

A
T O U R,
S E N T I M E N T A L
AND
D E S C R I P T I V E,
THROUGH THE
UNITED PROVINCES
AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS, AND FRANCE;
INTERSPERSED WITH
PARISIAN, AND OTHER ANECDOTES
WITH SOME
OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
HOWARDIAN SYSTEM.

TWO VOLUMES.

V O L II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES, No. 77, Fleet-street.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.



HOWARDIAN SYSTEM
OF THE
OBSERVATIONS

TWO VOLUMES

BY G. L. M.

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M.DCCCXXXIII.

A
T O U R
S E N T I M E N T A L
A N D
D E S C R I P T I V E.

P A R I S.

WELL, thought I, as I approached the capital, we shall cease to be *bored* with the *nonchalance* interrogatories of foppery—Have you been on the Continent, Sir? or rising on it—Have you been in Paris, Sir?

Vol. II.

B

or

or what is better than either—How long have you been returned from the Continent, Sir? Who wishes to disqualify himself, and reply that he has never been there? May I die, said I, but I can answer them all, and that too in the affirmative.---We passed the barrier; I looked to the right, I looked to the left; And is this Paris? said I. I made allowance for the environs, but still it was strange that such foulness should pertain to the *queen of cities, the center of magnificence*.---I flung back to solve the matter, a second view was not more successful; --- I was determined to be pleased; Hang cleanliness; let us leave that to London! Have not the Parisians address, and is not address every thing?

THE PAPER KITE.

GLOOMY enough, said I, advancing to the window and flinging up the sash ; I looked to the right—Monsieur Avocat was picking his steps along a dirty pavement, *Bon*, said I, the man of the Law does well to *shun foul paths*. I looked to the left, a paper kite obstructed my view, with which a fair neighbour amused herself and a little boy—some knotted threads intrusted it to the breeze ; the threads entangled in a spout, and the kite lodged in my casement---I extricated it---she was obliged to me. A brunette, said I looking sidelong—again the kite was embarrassed, and

again was extricated ; for this second piece of service she was *three times obliged to me*. The gale that wafted the kite agitated her tresses, a few scattered locks rested on her bosom, they were black, and had been lightly sprinkled with powder — it was my business to observe the effects of the breeze, and my eye wandered after them : as the kite was free, this became the point of extrication ; — but matters of this kind are not to be atchieved with — an outstretched arm. The spout interfered, brick-work interfered ; I could have bit my fingers for vexation ; a glance from a pair of brilliant eyes seemed to accuse my remissness — what was to be done ? the wind fell, she supported the kite with her breath ; she blew, I blew — I felt the whole force of it ; I waxed warm — such puffs would
have

have fanned a whole convent of monks into a flame.—*Là*, said she ; where, said I—she pointed to the kite ; damn the kite, thought I—*Whoff*, said she, heaving her whole bosom : I could sustain it no longer ; *Etez vous chaude, Mademoiselle?* said I—she flew in indignantly—down came her window with a clash. In God's name what's here ? said I ; may I perish, but she's a coquette, and the kite is her emblem—I walked up and down my chamber ; I rubbed my forehead ;—how was it, said I ?—soliloquizing would never solve it : I took hat, and applied to one of my French friends. Whilst I live, never will I forget the standing distinction between—*Etez vous chaude, Mademoiselle*, and *Avez vous chaud*.

PALAIS ROYAL.

TO an Englishman, who is not rolled over the pavement of Paris in a splendid *carrosse*, the Palais Royal is every thing; it is his Alpha and Omega, his first and last. Were it an object to give a stranger an advantageous idea of Paris, he should be brought hither in a carriage with blinds drawn up, and set down in one of the arcades, of a winter night, when it is completely light up, and hurried out of town the next morning before his eyes were well open, then all would be enchantment, and his description correspondent. — Accounts of buildings and places usually

ally convey but an imperfect idea to the mind — this is in figure an oblong parallelogram, of which the shorter sides may bear to the longer a proportion of somewhat more than one third. The arcades afford a charming promenade in all weather, and are furnished with shops, where every want may be remedied. The open area is disposed in the form of a Mall, and is a usual resort for morning walks. At the front of the Palais is the town residence of the Duke of Orleans, who caused this building to be constructed.---The resulting rents are considerable; a rude estimate gives them at forty or fifty thousand pounds: the total of his rental is £.250,000, with the expectancy of £.150,000 on the death of his father-in-law, the Duke de Penthièvre--and yet this man wants money!——

LA VEUVE AIMABLE!

THIS will never do, said I, pulling on the glove of my right hand, at the same time giving it a rent across the palm from the little finger to the thumb; so fauntering along the arcade, and swinging the glove in my hand, I sought *un Merchand de Gands*. —As I passed the window of a little shop, a string of variegated purses caught my attention; how well, said I, poising on my heel, might a man, who had discovered the philosopher's stone, be accommodated here,---he could suit the purses, and the purses would suit him: next to them lay bundles of toothpicks, and by the toothpicks

picks—gloves ; so fixing my eye on the part of the window where they lay, and going in, I turned my attention to the same place, as if making a choice in my own mind, and without regarding the Bourgeois, desired to see them.—‘ Would Monsieur have beaver or plain leather ? ’ The voice which uttered this was of so dulcet a tone, that I found it penetrate to my heart : how was the instinctive glance at her face recompensed !—such perfect beauty I had never beheld.—

‘ Should she chuse for me ? ’—any one might have chosen for me : it was fortunate that I had previously mentioned the article, or I should have forgotten my errand—mine was the idiocy of Cymon. I gazed in silent admiration ; she saw her triumph, but did not appear conscious of it ; in effect—triumphs, like other things,

may pall by possession—and hers were diurnal triumphs. She had turned one pair to the right, another to the left, a third lay before me, whilst she held open the right-hand glove of a fourth as if for trial. I had a momentary recollection of the awkwardness of the situation, so drawing out my purse, requested to know to what amount I was her debtor : she smiled—‘ Monsieur has not made his selection.’ *C’est vrai*, said I—I felt my face flush—then putting four fingers of my hand into the glove she held open, I assayed to squeeze in the thumb : it was a thing impossible—‘ if I would come round into the shop she would try to assist me’---it was what I wished for ; I had previously stood at a kind of draw-window in a passage---it was the accustomed stand---the shop would scarcely have contained three ; so entering

tering the *boutique*, my right arm was placed against her left side, and the matter quickly adjusted.—Talk not to me of Yorick's pulse-feeling---my whole body was pulse---the rapidity of the vibrations would have baffled all the stop-watches in Paris!---the pressure of her arm glid through my whole frame --- it was no electric shock, whose transmission is visible---no attack upon a single sense, which might be defined --- but an ecstatic thrilling through all, which baffled analysis.---*Là Monsieur*---there indeed, said I!--- Whilst I was counting out her demand---where is your husband?—‘she had no husband,’---I stopped---‘she was a widow;’---Amiable widow! ejaculated I.--- Passion was now out of the question, it became a matter of sentiment—Was she not a widow!—Adieu, thou

charming relict---I have seen fine features, and harmony of features, but never will the traits of thy countenance vanish from recollection---they were the traits of delicacy !---in the history of Beauty it might be termed ---a classic countenance. — Once more adieu, thou lovely desolate ! and if the scanty profit of thy little merchandize suffice not

* * *
* * *
* * *

Daughters of Virtue !---ye who tread the flowery paths of affluence---if ye must fling at her---be not the *cast* a rude one---select a pebble from the brook !

CAFFE

CAFFE DE CHARTRES

IS frequented by those who wish to peruse the English papers ; it is at the corner of one of the arcades of the Palais Royal, adjacent to the Beaujolois Theatre. Lord Chesterfield informs us, that coffee-houses are not as reputable in Paris as London, and the fact is certain ; but unless a man goes there with a port-folio full of letters of introduction, and a perfect acquaintance with the language, he will find his steps bend instinctively to a place where he will be certain, at one time or other, to see all those of his countrymen who are then resident in Paris, with the exception of a few,

few, who may affect to stand aloof ; here he meets his friends and forms his parties :---three steps carry them to the Mall, and five minutes walk to the Thuilleries.

The public places in London and its environs present here and there the face of a foreigner, but at the Walks and Theatres in Paris, the assemblage of strangers almost counter-balances the number of natives ; an unremitting concourse of visitors flows in from all parts of the Continent. To the visiting England---its insular situation proves an impediment ; its language not so generally understood as the French, and an apprehension of insult from our populace. The Mall of the Palais Royal about one o'clock, in good weather, presents a mixed groupe of English, French, Italians,

Italians, Dutch, Spaniards, Germans, Swedes, Russians, Turks, and military characters from Africa, in the respective uniforms of their country. The same diversity of people is to be found in their taverns; nor is the motley picture unpleasing---various languages assail the ear, whilst the possessor of English, French, and Italian, would hold himself but scantily furnished with the means of communication.

URBA-

URBANITY.

THE French have so long arrogated to themselves a politeness superior to every other nation, that at the present day it would almost be deemed a *treason against manners* but to question their claim. Politeness is a commerce of civilities; but those civilities must take effect in substance as well as form: if a person were, with all the address and insinuation of a Chesterfield, to request my acceptance of some conveniency which could be enjoyed but by one, and when I was on the point of possessing it, should appropriate it—would this be politeness or insult?—all the forms
 were

were gone through ; but where is the substance ? Such is French politeness — proffers are made without the most remote idea of conceding ; and should you be in any respect accommodated, there is a somewhat in the whole deportment of a Frenchman which says,——This have I done ! If it is essential to politeness to render those at ease with whom we converse, can it be deemed a characteristic of it to flap every little courtesy in my face. Montesquieu informs us, that politeness springs from vanity, we wish to discover to the world that we were not bred among the vulgar---and how do Frenchmen discover it ?—one by smiles, another by *hauteur* ; the former renders you *tenant at will* of a bow, an empty profession, and a mechanical embrace ; some other acquaintance presents himself, and all

is

is transferred; the latter, with the most impertinent politeness, gives you to understand that he considers you as a child of nature; he affects to rectify your every action, to give you the tone, and the *la maniere*. But to all, this state of pupillage is not pleasing; nor is it possible to *choque* this self-sufficiency more effectually than by the interposition of English *sang froid*---à quoi donc?—In this style, as a comment on instruction, drives Monsieur—*au desespoir*! I have frequently remarked in life, that none are so likely to be disconcerted in conversation as men of the most refined address, they are entirely thrown out of their forms by the most trifling repartee.—Thus an opera-dancer and a race-horse are overset by a pea and a pebble!

HOTELS.

H O T E L S.

THOSE who cannot 'build up their rest' without the neatness of London lodgings, will find themselves but awkwardly circumstanced at Paris; you may have furniture which *has* been fine; you may have maffy chimney-pieces, ancient glasses, and a profusion of carving and gilding; but the *simplex munditiis* is never attained, indeed it is never once thought of; as some atonement, however, the expence is inferior. In London a man cannot look his acquaintances in the face should he budge a single step beyond the first floor: in Paris, I have known men
of

of *very pretty fashion* in the third, fourth, and fifth ; and, what may appear extraordinary to English prejudices, I ~~aver~~ it as a fact, that I remember three equipages kept by so many respective proprietors of suites of apartments on the garret floor.—

What a scene for poets, if equipages were necessarily annexed to—the superior story !

THE

THE RECOLET.

I WAS one day sitting at one of those numerous table *d'hotes*, with which Paris abounds, when I perceived, on the opposite side, a Recolet, or mendicant Religious, soliciting the charity of the company for the support of his Order; a little wooden cup, which he extended, served to receive the paltry donations; in such a place as Paris this office must be laborious, the Recolets had, therefore, selected a man of muscular figure, but mortified in his countenance and demeanour; his situation permitted him not to be importunate; to some he extended the cup, but spoke

spoke not; with others he scarce stopped; whilst in the ear of a stranger he would whisper the history of his request. How low must be the state of alms-giving at Paris, when the scanty boon of four sous, or two-pence, has excited the recoil of surprise, and bowed down with lowly reverence the body of misery—the body of a sacred character! To the Religious succeeded a female with a tambourine, and to the musician a vender of ruffles and toothpicks.—These appeals to our vanity and pleasurable feelings were not unrecompensed---whilst the Recolet was permitted to vanish.

CAFFE

CAFFE MILITAIRE.

PASSING through the Rue St. Honorè, the Military Coffee-house caught my attention, not merely the coffee-house, but an inscription over the door — “*Hic Virtus Bellica gaudet.*” May I die, said I, but I will endeavour to find out in what their joy and pastime consists!—so opening one side of a folding-door, and approaching a stove, I soon found myself in a circle of Gentlemen of the Blade. The incense of coffee ascended all around—nought was visible but coffee; in coffee then, thought I, those warriors rejoice! I looked to the bar; nothing presented itself there
but

but age and infirmity—unlike the run of Paris bars, which usually offer a pretty face as an attraction to guests—Nothing at the bar for the warriors to rejoice in!—The fact is, the fate of French Officers is much to be regretted, their pay is so scanty, that many of them have not what suffices for œconomy to operate upon (for the most decided œconomy has its bounds). Pity it is that men, whose valour and skill have been so justly admired, cannot afford a subsistence comparable to that of an ordinary artisan in England.—Peace, not war, presents a countenance of terror to a French subaltern; he is reduced to while away his time in a coffee-house; he takes up the Gazette of the day, which he has already perused; he seems to spell the syllables, to count the letters; ingenious in his research
after

after employment, he observes the minute-hand of the clock, he appears to calculate its ticks.—Oh, Inactivity—thy pressure is intolerable!

This propensity in the human mind to action would alone evince its divine original—mere matter is inert—but soul exists not but in the exertion of its powers!

such I deem that of a washer-woman; to many things pays through her hands, it is odder but her curiosity is excited to make researches in natural philosophy—constitution wars within—hot water without; and when, one would imagine, all her difficulties were surmounted, how liable is she to be troubled and ruffled!—Queen Eleanor herself, with all her chastity, never went through so fiery an ordeal, as a washer-woman in a Paris hotel.

A Physician feels her pulse above—
Mon-

LA BELLE BLANCHISSEUSE.

THERE are certain situations in life which may be esteemed *ticklish*—such I deem that of a washer-woman—a fair washer-woman; so many things pass through her hands, it is odds but her curiosity is excited to make researches in natural philosophy—constitution warms within—hot water without; and when, one would imagine, all her difficulties were *smoothed*, how liable is she to be ruffled and rumpled!—Queen Eleanor herself, with all her chastity, never went through so fiery an ordeal, as a fair washer-woman in a Paris hotel. A Physician feels her pulse above—

Mon-

Monfieur le Marquis squeezes her hand below—to the right Signior Italiano fings to her—whilst on the left Mi Lord Anglois draws his purfe-strings incontinently.—What metal muft ſhe be made of not to melt in ſuch a furnace!—Talk of burning ploughſhares, indeed!—A ſoft rap at my chamber-door announced a viſitant—an *entrez* introduced my *Blanchiſſeuſe*—‘She had brought home Monſieur’s linen’—‘would he take the trouble of examining them?’—The neatneſs of her apparel, and a certain *enjouement* in her countenance, induced me to aſk her to take a cup of coffee (it was the hour of breakfast), which ſhe as frankly accepted; ſo placing herſelf at the other ſide of the fire, directly over-againſt me, and bending forward, with her coffee in her hand—

occasionally sipping---she commenced a dissertation on her mode of plaiting linen.----Plaiting linen ! thought I, why it is nothing but putting it in a certain direction. I know not at that moment whether my ideas ran most upon *solving* a physical or metaphysical problem—but the association of ideas is the Devil !--- sometimes I thought of Mr. Locke, and then of the mysteries of the plaited linen !--- *Comme ça, Monsieur*, rejoined she— She had laid down her coffee, and was folding one side of her neck-handkerchief into plaits—How ? said I. What discoveries did plaited linen make here !—I inclined forward—she drew backwards, and resumed her coffee ; for---*the blow was struck*---but it is not always a point of Generalship to follow a blow.---My husband, continued she, will expect my

my return — Your husband ! repeated I — then you are married !--- This was the moment for an honourable retreat ; so drawing out my purse, and counting down the little recompense of her labour, I conducted her to the door not unembarrassed.

For of the nuptial couch

With most mysterious reverence

I deem ! —

L'HOPITAL DES INVALIDES.

THIS celebrated structure is situated in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, on that side of the Seine which is opposed to the Gardens of the Tuilleries. It is an endowment similar to that of Chelsea, for the reception of wounded and aged soldiers---Lewis the XIVth the founder. It consists of three communicating squares, the principal is worthy attention, as are the chapel and clock ; the attic story is fashioned after a most singular conceit : there are at intervals a number of coats of mail in stone, in the bodies of which are inserted the panes of glass that light the respective apartments

ments—Momus' idea of a window in the breast instantly suggested itself; by these emblems, thought I, those veterans challenge scrutiny—they desire you to peep in at the window of their breasts, to view their hearts, and the intrepidity of those hearts—~~At~~ *propos!*—were any of those gentlemen at Minden! Before the front of the building is a large extent of ground down to the river, diversified with a few trees, and laid out in avenues of approach. Within and about the front gate a number of the most aged and infirm, fat funning themselves, some on benches, others on the ground—it was one of the halcyon days of winter: there were figures among them that, from their venerable and respectable appearance, might have served as models for portraying Priam and his Counsellors before the

Scæan Gate: here and there an aged woman was mingled among them—faithful partners of their alternate fortunes. Some were busily intent on books of prayer—Defenders of their country in this life, they fought “to fight the good fight,” and secure another asylum in the next—but the greater part were listless, and seemed merely to vegetate under the rays of an infant sun—How could they diversify the scene?—what battle had not been fought over again—what siege unrecounted—what redoubt not reformed—what retreat not explained away into a manoeuvre?—all this had been done even to satiety.—Every wound had its history—but how small the share of praise that awaits the narrator, where every auditor is an historian, and every historian a publisher of his own peculiar action!—Happy
state

state of narrative—undisturbed with the apprehension of a *Critical Review*! —When I considered the extreme old age of some of these veterans, I thought it not improbable but in their youth they might have had the honour of—flying before a *Marlborough*!!

What bridge is this, my friend? said I, addressing an ordinary tradesman---this, Monsieur---Why, this is the Pont Neuf! The man surveyed me with a kind of contemptuous superiority, as which should say, where wert thou born? True it is, the words Pont Neuf were familiar to me as descriptive of a Paris bridge; but was I bound to know that this was the identical bridge. I had read French writers and the translators of French writers, both had spoken of Pont Neuf as a prodigy; but I had formed my ideas of bridges from Blackfriars and Westminster; the pro-

prodigy therefore passed unnoticed as such. — Reader, conceive two bridges thrown over some country mill pond, these connected with a continuity on one side and disjoined by a breach on the other, and lo! the boasted Pont Neuf; for the Pont Neuf is, in fact, two bridges, separately insignificant, and conjointly disproportioned. — Over against the breach is an equestrian statue of Henry the Great, inclosed by some iron palisades, serving at once to protect the effigy of the most magnanimous Prince of the house of Bourbon, and as a receptacle for every flung out vileness. The figure seems with fixed regard to anticipate the ruin of some ancient buildings constructed on an adjacent bridge, that seem tottering to a fall. — That Pont Neuf may not want its impediments,

diments, you have pedlars repositories, dignified with the appellation of jewellers warehouses, on the one hand; with shoe-wipers and their delectable apparatus on the other; so that, allowing for their respective customers on both sides, who are stationary, together with the muffs of the shoe-blacks, passengers have a thoroughfare a foot and a half in breadth over the first bridge in Paris, a Frenchman would have said, the world. To add to the neatness of the scene, which on a slabbery morning is quite picturesque, the gentlemen of the brush have their little signs erected, by which you are informed that such a one, *marchand* of black ball, not only cuts the ears of dogs, shortens the tails of bitches, but performs every other operation on the canine species.--But why thus depre-

depreciate the Pont Neuf? Is it not enough, and more than enough for what it has to perform?--to give vent to the waters of the Seine. Hail! placid, unambitious stream, which, contented with thy narrow borders, ascendest not the walls of twenty feet, which Gallic architects would persuade were necessary to restrain thee; thou dost not even lave their base, but, yielding firm footing on thy brink, to sportive urchin boys and strolling indigence, rollest an humble tide, yellow, turbid, muddy—such thy natural view when unswelled by transient rainy torrents. Go now, and emulate in Gallic song the waves of Thames!

To caricature Seine and its bridge were impossible: be it my humble province to give emblematic representation;

mentation — behold then a hump-
backed giant straddling o'er a gut-
ter !

the first of the most famous and half
a dozen looking daggers have been
accepted by Monsieur le Duc; who

TOUT COMME IL FAUT.

A glimpse of the machine you are to come to

you may become visible with

TO be merely *comme il faut* at Paris is nothing; this will only carry you forward without being jostled; but the stranger who is emulous of distinction, must annex the *tout*.—As an outset, then, your *tout comme il faut* must never think of closing his purse strings—this is a *sine qua non*: this title is never bestowed unless a man surrenders himself up implicitly into the hands of his Parisian domesticks and tradesmen; from that moment his patent begins to be made out, and by the time he is furnished with a *maitresse* of taste, a fashionable variety of equipages; given the
petit

petit soupers avec bon goût, and half a dozen tickling draughts have been accepted by *Monsieur le Pere*; who shall doubt the validity of it?—during a gleam of sunshine your *tout comme il faut* may become visible, with his attendant satellite, to the multitude for half a turn on the Mall of the Thuilleries—the vis-à-vis is regained, and the order delivered; the splendid car is rolled to the *marchand des modes*—change of drapery for the goddess is not to be neglected—the *marchand des bijoux*, *marchand des habits*, are respectively shone upon by those luminaries of fashion; wherever they pause, the knee is bent, the body bowed. At Even, exhilarating burghundy gives a *goût* for the entertainments of the night: a few spirited casts of dice, or well-back'd hands at *vingt-un*, fill up the tedious interval

val that occurs whilst equipages are drawing up for the theatre, the pantheon, and the midnight ball at the opera-house; perhaps too at this latter assembly a brilliant *douceur* may tempt the fictitious mistress of a prince of the blood to commit a splendid infidelity of a night for the gratification of our *tout comme il faut*.—What reward can recompense such disinterestedness, so distinguishing a preference! How reconcile himself to the established favourite whom he so cruelly abandoned—an unlimited order for trinkets might effect much, and it is adopted!—Thus shivered into fragments, our *tout comme il faut* glitters even in dissolution; but resources fail—No account has been received of an honourable reception to his last orders; creditors present themselves in troops; carriages roll them-

themselves off the wheels; and to wind up the catastrophe, the iron gate that prevents egress, is affixed to the stairs of his hotel under the direction of the porter; or if some spark of confidence remains, you may behold him wandering through the *Champ d'Elisées*; the agitation of his mind visible in his countenance, anticipating the severity of friends and a rejection of his demands—meanwhile the *maitresse* gives proof of a ten days constancy—her future boast! If any equipage remains, in all the attitude of attractive languor, solitary she rolls o'er the Boulevards and public haunts.—This is no exaggerated truth; this have I seen; this have I witnessed; nor has it unfrequently happened, that the *eclat* of a few juvenile months at Paris has been *felt* through years of maturity.

P R O-

PROTECTION.

“OUR laws (continued a friendly advocate) do not permit”—What laws? repeated I. You have temporary regulations, 'tis true, but permanency is a moral character of laws: not to be foregone. Advice, counsel, discretion, may pervade a French court of justice, and stumble on rectitude of decision; but where is the fixed, steady rule of action, visible to, and relied on—by all? where the—at this moment business separating us, I bent my steps to one of their courts; here were all the regalia of justice——benches, canopies, counsel chambers—what a mockery of

of millions ! Stripling judges, with an affectation of gravity seemed to ponder on---predetermined cases ; for here every thing is determined by favour and *protection*—that institute of divine original, a trial by jury, is unknown ; an institute at once attempting justice and clemency—Happy England ! whose judges *must* be virtuous ; where no venal promotion renders justice suspicious, and where *protection* is unknown ; for who dare protect ?

MON

‘ M O N A M I . ’

“THE friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

“Link unto thy soul with hooks of steel.”

Would the *expression* of friendship do, what *hooking* would there be in Paris? how many chains and how many links! every man is — the ‘friend’ of every man, wherever an approach to equality admits the appellation — the sharper of quality addresses the credulous dupe with *mon ami*; *mon ami* is bandied to and fro between the parasite and his Epicurean; whilst from the lips *de la petite maitresse* to her protector, it flows even

even to satiety; in fine, wherever there are characters interested and *professing*, the heart is sure to be assailed with this expression of regard. —Just Heaven! shall what comprehends all that is great, all that is honourable, ‘whatever is of good report,’ shall this be prostituted by worthlessness? —Are my head, my heart, my arm, ready to perform every honourable necessity of another; then rank me friend. —Fashioners and refiners of languages, if it be possible, lock up this sacred epithet beyond the reach of knaves and fools, or if this may not be, provide a substitute, and declare it obsolete. —Chance on an evening placed me at the Theatre by the side of an accommodating personage; — though aged, her services were appropriated to the votaries of pleasure; under

under her immediate protection was a made-up beauty of the night ; curiosity made me regard her with peculiar attention——the motive was misunderstood, and a conference tendered by the aged. Though Made-moiselle had an engagement, yet in my favour it should be dispensed with ; she saw I was a stranger, *un Anglois*—and she admired the English.—The recipe for this pill was a good one ; I had, however, sufficient chymical power to analyse and reject it—with acknowledgements for so unmerited a preference, I alledged an indispensable engagement with some gentlemen who were present ; ---*Eh bien !* she could accommodate Monsieur & *ses amis*. Here was philanthropy ; it was Pope's idea exactly, “ circles of benevolence widely extending !” but *vos amis* connected with

with an invitation to vice was not likely to influence; I declined abruptly.—It may not be unworthy of remark, that the French have not in their language any word equivalent to our ‘*acquaintance*.’

This alone might prove the duplicity of the nation; they are lavish in bestowing an epithet, which their own feelings convince them has no meaning annexed; whilst the usage of every other nation, ancient or modern, by the adoption of inferior names, evinces that they had an abstract idea of such a character, however rarely it might appear in existence. How the ‘*vos amis*’ crept into any tongue, is to me unaccountable: many words in languages have no plural—there may be ‘*honest fellows*,’ there may be ‘*acquaintances*,’ there
may

may be 'intimates;' but --- (worldlings, pardon me!) --- there can be but *one friend*.

AN EQUIPAGE

RANKS in France among the necessities of life : in Paris it is a *sine quâ non* to admission among persons of condition. In England, a man calculates for a length of time with many a *hum* and *bab!* before he ventures to roll over the stones---and is as long in laying down the incumbrance—if too many for him ; he winces all over from public opinion ; not so in Paris ; it is assumed and deposited in a day---carriages, domestics, and all the paraphernalia of luxury, are here retained by a slip-knot, which is loosened at pleasure.

sure. A man has nothing to do but close his purse-strings, and he gives every folly to the wind.

THE THUILLERIES.

THESE celebrated gardens are immediately adjoining to and connected with Paris ; the palace belonging to them is going rapidly to decay ; they are laid out in parallel walks divided by trees, and almost environed by a terrace : that part which looks towards the Seine, commands a prospect beautiful and extensive, and is the summer promenade : the opposite side affords shelter in the more rigorous seasons.—I have seen a variety of prospects, and plans of the most celebrated ; and were I to instance the most magnificent, it would be that which meets the eye in a direct

rect line on entering the gardens from the palace, comprehending the principal walk, the equestrian statue of Louis Quinze, with the terminating vista of the *champ d'Elisees*;—yet all this is the result of art.—In the evenings of summer the assemblage of company is numerous and splendid; chairs accommodate those who are fatigued—alternately viewing and being viewed. When night closes in, the gardens are deserted by all but those who seek the ‘conscious shade.’——

L--D M—Z—E.

NO people have the address of the French in covering hard things with soft names ; my L--d M— has experienced this—the world in general are in possession of that nobleman's anecdote—in the case of a pecuniary embarrassment, a people so polite as the French would not confine a stranger and a peer in a prison—no--his person must be consigned over to a *hotel de force*, a fortified lodging house. How long would a bungling Englishman have been hitting off such a distinction ! but in good truth the lodging house suffices. His lordship some years since made an attempt

tempt to escape, disguised in woman's apparel---a bribe of two hundred louis d'ors was tendered to one of the turnkeys, who pocketed the money, betrayed the design, and preserved his place. Unfortunately for his lordship, a person of considerable interest in the parliament of Paris is his principal creditor, and has at the same time the appointment of the officers of this hotel. It has been usually reported, that L--d M—— was shut up in the Bastille, but erroneously; his place of confinement is in a *hotel de force* in the *rue St. Antoine*. His lordship sees a variety of company, has his *maitresse*, and an equipage at her devotion: (this appears to be 'a debt due to his consequence;') and has sustained his misfortune philosophically during a period of eighteen or twenty years.

It is a circumstance rather singular, that our Court has never interfered for his enlargement, when there is every reason to believe that he was the dupe of sharpers, and continues in confinement from the want of *protection*, and in France protection is every thing.

MOU.

M O U C E A U X.

THIS charming retreat is the property of his Grace of Orleans; it confines on Paris, and unites in itself whatever of elegant diversity—the *rus in urbe* can exhibit: minutenesses are the essence of this *sejour*—little bridges, little streams, petit castles, and miniature ruins; the subterraneous grotto realizes even the fictions of an Arabian tale—What a scene to stimulate the torpid feelings of sated sensuality!

THE SHRUG.

THE eloquent Athenian, when questioned as to the first, second, and third points in eloquence, still replied, ‘Action;’ and is not the shrug a part of action?—and the French an eloquent people? doubtless they are. The Parisian assents with a *shrug*—dissent with a *shrug*, and even mark the various degrees of assent and dissent by shrugging--- How is this, ye F. R. S. ye F. A. S? What say the medical world? We have often been favoured with essays on a dislocation of the *humerus*, and would wish to know how far shrugging may be considered as a similar acci-

accident: the worst of it is, this mode of argumentation is unanswerable, at least by an Englishman:--- You advance an opinion, the Parisian shrugs—may I die if this manœuvre would not put a whole battalion of of forites, with a corps de reserve of enthymems, to flight; every power of logic is discomfited; it is in vain to rally—the operation of the dissenting shrug is unremitting; it is in vain to *fling up* a counter shrug;--- this renders you stationary, and it is your province to advance. Certain it is, a Parisian thoroughly trained in the fields of controversy, will convey more in five minutes by dint of elevated shoulders, eyes closed, forehead wrinkled, and the *et-cætera* of grimace, than the generality of Englishmen could explain by words in as many hours. Now that our inter-

course with this people is increasing, it is to be hoped our ambassador and plenipotentiaries will be instructed in this speechless mystery, nor is it unreasonable to expect, that at a future day we may hear of treaties being adjusted by mere unassisted gesticulation without the intervention of a word.—How interesting will it be to inspect the grimace book of an attending secretary, and to observe, by what *happy distortion* of the human countenance some point in dispute has been carried for or against our nation !

THE

THE OPERA.

OPINIONS of French music have been so various, that take which side one will a man shall still find advocates and opponents; the natives, however, have but one, that it is—*Superbe!*——Roufféau's critical invective against the Paris Opera will never be forgotten, as containing much that Candour will admit, and somewhat that Liberality will condemn: it is however singular, that this celebrated man should produce a contemptible theatrical piece—his '*Divin du Village,*' which falls entirely within the letter and spirit of his own critique.—Some days after my arrival,

rival, I was a witness to the Phædra of Madame St. Huberti---the Siddons of Paris. Those who are admirers of the propriety and decorum of an English Theatre, will never violently applaud the French ; the action will appear too violent --- the transition of the passions too rapid : the merit of Madame St. Huberti is, however, considerable ; though not perfectly acquainted with her language, and averse from the genius of her stage, I felt her powers. This actress is in the wane of life---in the contortions of action, a wrinkled neck becomes visible to the audience ; and her countenance, from the quantity of paint with which it is overlaid, scarce bears a resemblance to any thing human. With respect to French Composers, when they affect the sublime in music they are seldom successful---their
light

light airs are incomparable. The establishment of the Paris Opera is considerable, and hardly supported at less expence than an army ; the individuals who compose it have not those enormous salaries which are granted to the performers in the London Opera-house ; but the number of the latter admits no degree of competition with the former : in the Paris Opera-house there are six or seven tier of boxes, each rising above the other, —the conjoint effect is brilliant.

BON

B O N B O N S.

-IT was the festival of Christmas, when it is the usage for children of every growth to become purchasers of *Goody Goodies* !----so locking up my philosophy in closing ‘The Rambler’ of Johnson, and taking some loose silver in my hand, I entered a magazine of confections---a little flaggon of Malaga was tendered to me---‘*it was medicinal*’ ---- there was no refusing twelve sous for---cordial drops.—— ‘*Parfaite amour,*’ exclaimed an assisting nymph——Where said I? The words were inscribed on a *Bon Bon* ! ---eh bien, *Mademoiselle*—— of the growth of Paris ?——*Pour quoi non,*
Mon-

Monfieur?—Six pennyworth of---
‘*Parfaite amour*’ was added to my
stock---it might be of use in the
country!----Turrets, towers, castles,
were respectively offered and rejected
---these are things I never had any
property in, farther than a little *aerial*
masonry goes!—With a bait of
forty fous I caught mackarel in De-
cember, and with a piece of three
livre *bore* levelled a partridge, without
any apprehension of the gallies.—

Dulce est desipere in loco—May I
perish--but Louis Seize himself, the
Pensioner Van Berkel, and the good
people of Utrecht, would have passed
their Christmas better than they did
---had they been buying *Goody Goo-*
dies!---they would at least have had
something to shew for their money.

P O M P O S I T Y.

THE French are ever in extremes, their sensibility is so acute, that they are hurried away by the impulse of the moment —— hence the number of general expressions in their language—every thing is either charming or detestable—they seldom mark a medium.—Does a favourite actor wind up the finest feelings of the soul, the exclamation is—*C'est superbe !*——Does a green-woman in the market vend her mushrooms, they also, in the language of recommendation, are—*superbe !*——This prostitution of language disgusts those who are not lavish in panegyric.—Why does

does a silly usage render the tongue a bankrupt in expression, that may distinguish what is really excellent.——Vanity and *magniloquentia* are the national characteristics—a paltry retailer of wines, whose stores, probably, do not contain a hoghead, and to whose door a bush is affixed, dignifies his repository with the appellation of a *Magazine*——the feller of wooden-shoes styles his elegant manufactory a---*Fabric*——whilst a two-penny errand-boy is metamorphosed into a *Commissioner*.——I know some will object to this critique---that this is no proof of a gasconading spirit in the French, that these words signify with them no more than the common expressions used by other people---this is the very foundation of my objection. In the languages of Modern Europe, which owe so much to the

the Ancient ones, if any people have appropriated words used in their original, and by other nations, to express whatever was great and eminent to ordinary objects, is not vanity, with reason, imputed to them?—the fault is not with the present generation—I speak of an ancient national characteristic.

RIDI-

RIDICULE

IS in France a serious matter, in England a man may thrive under it ; but to want *Esprit* to retort, is there to be contemptible. In the common routine of conversation you would in vain oppose the authority of Locke or Newton to—a *good thing*—have the smile on your side, and you have every thing. What abilities will not Ridicule depreciate ?—it snatches the truncheon from the hand of the General---disrobes the subtle Advocate, and renders the Lover despised : it is in vain to shelter yourself under a dignified reserve---not to resist is to confess the triumph of your adversary

—one

—one circumstance alone blunts the edge of their wit. In a country where fwords are in common use, a pointed antithesis might be parried in tierce, and a *hit palpable* in wit---tell but feebly against a *segoon* through the lungs!

A N A B B E.

THIS animalcal appears to have been engendered at the tables of the Great, where it is at all times fostered, and which, without this appendage, would scarcely be complete.

Its Uses are

Various---it is the daily vehicle of scandal---which, replete with venom, it discharges in honey'd accents; it can carve and lisp, smile upon a stranger guest, and sneer at an unwelcome one---to the domestics most courteous. Does a stranger of distinction require an *Hotel garni magnifique*---none so prompt

prompt as Monsieur Abbé to arrange him---he becomes his *Mon cher Ami* at sight — Dancing-masters, language-masters, fencing-masters, appear, as it were, by magic---he can save you a hundred per cent in the article of wines—and you will find that your friend has a distinguishing palate.---An Abbé can chatter round the circle of the Belles Lettres---and the Sciences are his *forte*---Newtonian errors are demonstrated at a lady's toilette, and Locke declared an *ignoramus*. --- But Monsieur Abbé is a *Religieux*---his coat is black---his hair of a clerical cut---whilst a circular piece of black horn protects his crown ---and all this without performing a single clerical function——This amphibious Religieux has all the external without any of the internal constituents. But the *fiat* of expediency that

that secures Mr. Abbé an universal reception, is his being --- accommodate——this is the finishing and great trait of his character.——Mr. Abbé can soften the hearts of Comtesses, and convey an amorous hint to Mr. le Marquis---he can do away those religious qualms which suggest themselves to a fair warrior previous to capitulation---whilst every scruple is surmounted by his golden moral quotation---“ To enjoy is to obey.”——Has his friend a *favourite*, during the pleasure of the table Mr. Abbé almost devours with kisses the hand of ---*la petite maitresse*---he presses it to his heart with a simper——Mr. Abbé has in general white teeth---do the children sing---Mr. Abbé beats time with his hand---ever and anon exclaiming---*Superbe !* —— His entertainer possibly condescends to thrum

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on the guitar or the lutes* —
 behold our Abbé almost in convul-
 sions---his feelings overpower him---
 Timotheus himself would have lost
 by competition. — O my pen!---
 let not unmerited satire flow from
 thee—to the candid and informed let
 me appeal whether thou hast sketched
 more than a faint outline of a strong-
 marked character. It is, however, to
 be confessed---that by some amiable
 men of this Order---letters, humani-
 ty, honour, have been cultivated and
 adorned——

Sed rari apparent nantes in gurgite vasto.

The institution may have been ori-
 ginally good---but, at present, we
 can only---contemplate the wreck.

* An instrument of music.

BASTILLE.

AROUND this gloomy pile, all is silent horror : when first I beheld its battlements and towers, the chill of apprehension seized me, I scarcely deemed myself secure——Am I not, said I, rallying my scattered spirits--- Am I not a British subject ! How did I venerate the memory of the ancient Patriots of England !—Magna Charta—the Bill of Rights---the Independence of Judges---and a Habeas Corpus Act---these are no corner stones on which to erect a Bastille !——Just Heaven !---thou, who for purposes all-wise and good, send'st thy scourges through the nations—Shall thousands

ever groan in bonds and prisons to
 establish the throne of an arbitrary
 Prince, and the splendid projects of
 a *Single Family* !--- Shall their groans
 and anguish arise in vain before the
 footstool of Eternal Mercy !—Power-
 ful Being !—thou “ whose service is
 perfect freedom,” give to this people
 a second Hampden, or even a Crom-
 well, to trace the path of Liberty !---
 Loyal subjects of an absolute Mo-
 narch—taste that blessing which you
 have vindicated for others !——Ask
 the Revolted Colonies of England,
 who, with your assistance, bled and
 conquered---for what they fought ?---
 Freedom, —— Do ye not take fire
 at the sound ?---will ye ever remain,
 like the impotent eunuchs of a serag-
 lio, guardians of a treasure that ye
 cannot enjoy ? Adhere to your Par-
 liaments, and ye must be free—cheer-
 fully

fully grant your Prince the duty he has imposed upon the Press, on condition that the *Press be free* ! A Free Press---levels even the walls of a Bastille---gives the victims of caprice to family and friends, and fortifies every right of the people---Arbitrary Imprisonment !---Break this talisman of Oppression---the Genius of Freedom will appear---the Enchanted Castle of Tyranny---vanish !

"MY PARK"

IMPLIES --- in effect what does it not imply?—Hounds, horses, equipage, *cum re magnâ familiari*, are all comprized, and somewhat more—I never hear the found without corrected attention—not a ewe pasture in Europe, with a paling, but is converted into—a Park. — *A propos*, Sir, (says Monsieur Provincial) you seem to admire venison—should you happen to pass by—in my Park! —Pique myself—the true ferine flavour—and *all that*. —What a course in the Park this morning, Charles, says 'Squire Maximus Natus—a spirited buck that---ran three miles *a-head*

head—broke cover from an eminence in the centre — Damme !——A doe does not make more bounds, and capers round a Park, than the Proprietor of it does—to discover that he is so.——This rage for Parks was never more violent than in the days of the Marchioness Savigné—all the world had Parks—and the Marchioness was determined to be on a level with it—but her demesne did not exceed forty feet square, with four trees.—*Voilà*, says the Marchioness—*Je vous fais un Parc !*

P A R A D O X.

PARIS is the most magnificent filthy city in the world — nor have splendour and meanness their respective quarters assigned to them, but are blended in an inexplicable confusion. — His Excellency of Orleans has only to descend the grand staircase of his Palace, and advance ten yards in a strait line, and under the same roof he may be accommodated with — a pair of threepenny garters, or purchase an odd knee-buckle! — How picturesque the prospect from that superb apartment in which he usually entertains the prime Nobility!

In

In one quarter — various *lieux d'aisance* for ladies and gentlemen — in another, the brilliant equipages of Peers and Marshals of France — whilst the main avenue is possessed by a toaster of chesnuts, his footy apparatus and rabble customers. — The same ill-assorted medley is every where also visible — old stockings might be purchased suspended from the walls of the Louvre — and ballads at the Gate of the Gardens of the Thuilleries. — Why should I insist upon the want of cleanliness in the — Temple of Necessity — even in the most distinguished Hotels — this grievance alone would banish an Englishman from Paris.

The Parisians may boast of the grandeur of a few of their struc-

tures—but where shall we find the uniform elegance of Harley-street, or the simple magnificence of Portland Place.

of Peters and Ministers of Police the main avenue is bordered by a row of chaises, and too many apparitions and rattle carts. The same ill-assorted melody is every where also visible—old stockings might be purchased suspended from the walls of the Louvre—and ballads at the Gate of the Gardens of the Tuilleries. Why should I insist upon the want of cleanliness in the Temple of Nececity—even in the most distinguished Hotels—this grievance alone would banish an Englishman from Paris.

ANEC-

The Parisians may boast of the grandeur of a few of their houses.

times

E 2

A N E C D O T E.

AN Ambassador from France to the Papal See, at a time when the Court of Rome assumed a tone and consequence that no longer exist—had sought in vain for an audience to obtain some point which the temper of the times required his Master to supplicate—at length an opportunity is given—the Minister urges the suit of his Prince with submissive earnestness.—The haughty Pontiff, turning to some of his Courtiers, sneeringly observed—— ‘*GALLUS cantat.*’ — The irritated Ambassador exclaimed— ‘*Utinam ut*

ad Galli cantum Petrus respiceret!

—An allusive repartee, pregnant with
the—*Curiosa felicitas.*

A N E C D O T E

At a certain time, when the
Count of Borne, assumed a rank and
consideration, the no longer exist-
ing, sought in vain for an audience
to obtain that point which the
republic of the times required his
Master to appear—at length an
opportunity is given—the Minister
urges the loss of his place with
relative consequence. The haugh-
ty Borne, turning to some of his
—**COFFEE**—
Gallus cantus. — The Minister
Ambassador exacting—

COFFEE-HOUSE SPIES.

THERE is not a Coffee-house in Paris in which emissaries of the Ministers are not placed to report any thing particular in the conversation of the company. I have had some of these men pointed out to me, to put me on my guard; but I imagine, Government is not so strict in taking notice of liberal discussion as formerly, as I have heard sentiments, delivered by individuals of the natives, worthy an audience of Britons: the point is, to keep clear of reprehending any measures of those who are then
in

in office—and range through general topics with confidence. — I have conversed with some of these Spies, and purposely turned the conversation on Politics to note the line they would steer — observing to remark on such things only as I could approve — They affected candour and impartiality—approved and disapproved, with the view of conciliating confidence, and drawing out any latent sentiment. — The stations of these men are constantly shifted — lest a regular attendance in one place should excite suspicion. — When a native is to be apprehended for some imprudence—the usual mode, I am informed, is for a small guard to way-lay him in the dusk of the evening, to avoid any *eclat* that might

might alarm the people, and hurry him in a carriage to confinement; at the same time it is suggested to his friends, that it would be prudent to decline inquiries.—A stranger who has rendered himself obnoxious, generally receives intimation, through the medium of his Ambassador, to quit the kingdom incontinently.—It is also the province of these men to contradict every account of murders, or other accident that might tend to throw a gloom over the minds of the people—in time of war they are to encounter every rumour of a defeat.

In an arbitrary State it will ever be an object with Government to prevent the people from reasoning on
incon-

inconveniencies—it would introduce
a habit of Remonstrance and Re-
drefs——where would this termi-
nate?——

ENJOY-

E N J O U E M E N T.

THERE are usually in Paris some itinerant women of condition, who, scorning the shackles of wedlock, declare for—‘Love free as air,’ and follow up their theory by practice.—The birds of passage from England, during my *sejour*, were the Ladies C— and W—: the former had delicacy and selection—the latter grazed on the wild common of Nature.—The public has long been in possession of both their anecdotes, and pronounced Lady W—— the Messalina of the day.—Lady C——, after touring the Continent during the summer, wintered at

at Paris:—rumour gave her an admirer in the person of the Margrave of A——, a German Potentate — tender, galant, and generous — qualifications likely to engage a heart possessed at least of poetic * sensibility. How difficult to resist when Princes woo --- the heart was surrendered, and H— V—— forgotten!---Of an inferior sphere were Mrs. E——, the occasional solace of his Grace of O——, and the German Madame S-----, the transferable property of a month.

* See Lady C——'s Poem, addressed to her Heart.

TREATY OF COMMERCE.

THIS is one of those topics concerning which the wisest will be apt to exclaim, 'I'm weary of conjecture ;'---it is indeed a point, on the utility of which experience alone can decide : the brief idea formed of it by the most intelligent in Paris was, that for the first four or five years the balance would be with England, and ever after with France---that the superiority of France would arise from advantages local and fixed, as its soil and climate---that England's present superiority was adventitious, and liable to fluctuation.---Many thought that the treaty would never be permitted

mitted to run its length; and all, that it could not be snapped without a war. Many reasons induce to suppose, that should either nation, on trial, find it decidedly against itself, it will be terminated without ceremony—in such a contingency the French court would not hesitate a second; nor can I see any cause why the proverbial good faith of England should be turned to her destruction; it may, however, be made a great question, whether there will be a balance of moment in favour of either party? It is possible that the capitals of both countries may neither be increased or diminished, and yet the treaty be mutually advantageous.--- This new commercial vent will bring the capitals of the respective countries, as expressed by commodities, oftener under the customs---not only
fo,

so, but additional capitals will be annexed to the ancient *commercial* ones, —it will bring sums of money into circulation which previously lay dormant: by all these means the respective revenues (whose surplus goes to the liquidation of the national debt of both kingdoms) will be considerably increased, debts discharged, and taxes ultimately diminished. All this may follow from the routine of commerce without either party gaining a sensible superiority over the other. Whether I am singular in this opinion, I know not, but unless this idea influenced the managers of the treaty, I cannot see upon what grounds it was drawn up on so *general* a principle.—The design of commerce has hitherto been to exchange superfluities for necessities, or what were deemed such; exclude
what

what I have mentioned as an influencing idea, and we shall be at a loss to discover why the treaty was more than partial in its operation---brandies, wines, oils might have been received, and exchanged for cloths, hardware, and wrought steel; if this idea did not influence, why amplify the treaty in such a manner, as to establish a competition in the home markets injurious to many established branches of business—the loss of our colonies, the necessity for new commercial channels, with the insight our neighbours had already gained in our manufactures, certainly justified our ministers in the formation of the treaty as a matter of experiment—a commercial state must ever be adventurous.

French

French artifans have made a rapid improvement in the mode of tempering steel; and since the dissolution of Arkwright's patent, the manufacturing of Manchester cottons has ceased to be a mystery—an establishment for the latter purpose has been some time formed in the neighbourhood of Paris, under the immediate patronage of the King—a part of the palace of the Muet in the Bois de Boulogne (an ancient royal residence) has been assigned for this purpose, under the direction of a Lancashire manufacturer. The wisdom of ministers is therefore visible in attempting, by means of the treaty, to encounter those infant establishments on their own ground—If we cannot continue to throw out all competition, we shall at least obtain a temporary advantage. The present rage
of

of the French, in favour of every thing English, was an additional inducement ; but this I imagine, like every other French prepossession, will only prove the caprice of a season.

A HINT.

lish Parliament, France swarmed with English speculators;—at Paris the number was considerable.—I have been informed, that they vied with each other in offering credit to the

A. H. I. N. T.

THOSE who are warm in the pursuits of commerce, frequently deem it sufficient to find a market for their commodities, whilst they overlook the risque of the returns—A hint on this subject may not prove unseasonable to those who are about to form French commercial connections; That want of sincerity in this people, which in common affairs has long since become proverbial, will, I much fear, be found to extend to every transaction.—After the treaty of commerce was signed, and pending its being sanctioned by the Eng-

lish Parliament, France swarmed with English speculators; — at Paris the number was considerable. — I have been informed, that they vied with each other in offering credit to the trading class, and in the heat of competition hesitated but little on the point of security. There is no country in which bankruptcies are more frequent than in France—the party in most instances absconds, and leaves not a trace behind. It is much to be apprehended, that the open confidence of English merchants will induce persons without capital, and divested of principle, to avail themselves of it to their loss. Italy, Germany, or even a remote province of the kingdom, would afford a retreat to inconsiderable persons, where they could baffle every attempt at research—even the additional security of a great commercial

mercial house is frequently precarious. Not a month passed during my residence in Paris, in which I did not hear of considerable failures: I recollect one to the amount of twenty-two millions of livres (near a million sterling). Those persons are least to be relied on, who have any transactions with the Crown—in case of a stoppage of payment the party is committed to the Bastille, and his whole property consigned for the liquidation of the royal debt.—Supposing all these obstacles steered clear of, still your debtor may be litigious (and the French are of all people the most so) he may contest your demands in a court of justice, where even the natives for the most part obtain a decision in their favour through *protection*; and where the judges who decide on your claim, obtain their seats

by purchase. Add to this the difficulties under which an Englishman would carry on a law-suit in France.—If this attempt to discomfit you fails, and you have obtained a decree, you will probably find that the defending your demand has exhausted the means of repayment.—This, I aver, is every day's experience among the natives, and on the authority of natives. Those who have not been conversant with this people, can form no idea of their finesse and their detours of artifice.—England doubtless contains many men of abandoned conduct, but in general a moral principle pervades the mass of the people. An Englishman is not adroit in the practice of deceit; in most instances the awkwardness of his execution proves an antidote to the immorality of his design.

I would

I would not wish to be deemed an illiberal character, much less will I ever be the advocate of a levelling system. I can credit the opinion of an historian, who informs me that deceit and treachery marked the councils of Carthage, and were but rarely found in the decisions of a Roman senate—I survey my own countenance, and that of a friend; and behold a difference—I look into our minds and find various opinions, productive of modes of action as varied. It is impossible to separate morality from action; where then are we to find the moral system of equality? I speak not now of the causes which excite this diversity.

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CROIX DE ST. LOUIS.

HOW is an Englishman surprized on his arrival in Paris, to find himself environed by knights, stars, and ribands of undistinguishable orders—It appears to be a land of merit, and merit rewarded—that respect which awaits the possessor of a riband in England, may induce him to honour the knights of Paris; this, however, is but the error of a day—he soon becomes acquainted with the history of ribands, and estimates them as they deserve. It is calculated, that in France thirty thousand persons are distinguished by a red riband, to which

which the Cross of St. Louis is annexed. This badge of honour is, if I mistake not, appropriated to military and naval characters; it marks not superior valour, but an ascertained period of service.—Were the court of France less prodigal of honours, what wonders might it not effect? Were the thirty thousand ribands reduced to thirty, and impartially bestowed on superior bravery in battle, what prodigies of valour would be exhibited by French officers! a corps of men so tremblingly alive to every feeling of honour—possibly, however, the necessities of the state require that a bauble should be substituted for a more solid compensation. The veteran retired to a provincial town or little farm, becomes the sun of a little system, though his honours blaze not in the glare of

a metropolis; yet is there a faint
lustre which illumines his obscurity,
and cheers the disbanded subaltern!

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his honourable place not in the glare of

LANGUAGE MISTRESSES.

THIS is an age of improvement, and your pretty fellows are not without their share of invention — Dull rogues of Englishmen formerly in Paris used to have a stupid master a whole morning, swallowing chocolate and distorting their mouths to give the organs of speech fair play — not without occasional essays on the nasal twang; but the refinement of the day is, to receive the instructions *de la petite maitresse* — I was let into this mystery on expressing my surprize to a friend at the progress he had made in the language. Various instances occur

in history of *oral* communication ; but none where it is so immediate—this is, literally speaking, having a thing from the lips of a person—thus is the mouth formed and knowledge transferred with a *smack* : rapping one morning at this gentleman's door, and hearing some little bustle within, I supposed he might at that moment be *taking a lesson* ; so leaving my name with his servant, and an intimation that I could not think of—interrupting his studies—I retired. I afterwards found, that many others of my acquaintance were of *the new school*, and reprobated the errors of antiquity.—It must be confessed that all former incitements to letters, as cakes and apples, all ‘ compendious systems,’—‘ reading made eases,’ and ‘ children's guides,’ are here outdone.—

With

With what sect of philosophers shall we rank those philologists? — the Stoics? — no, that will never do; they stuck in the porch — Peripatetics? — no, they were ever moving about; but here much is effected by — lying still! They seem to confine on the Epicurean system, and may be termed,

‘les Philosophes de la bonne bouche.’

It is not to be doubted, but this new discovery will soon be reduced to a science, as several of the students were of genius and application, and in the language of Will Wimble, —

‘took to their learning hugely!’

their Poets and Orators. — Essays on Reform (where, between the most lowly compliments to King and Ministers, are hid in some couched invectives) engage all the attention of the people, whenever an imprimatur, heedlessly granted, submits such

CHEVALIER D'ARC.

THOSE sentiments of liberality and freedom which are to be found sprinkled through the writings of a Raynal and a D'Arc, begin at length to work their effect on the minds of the French. At the present day we hear but little of—the Glory of the Prince;—that thread-bare topic of their Poets and Orators.—Essays on Reform (where, between the most lowly compliments to King and Ministers, are slid in some couched invectives) engage all the attention of the people, whenever an Imprimatur, heedlessly granted, submits such works

works to their inspection—by such an accident some copies of the Chevalier D'Arc's Essays got abroad before the work could be suppressed: the rank of the author, and his connection with the House of Penthièvre, checked the resentment of Government—he was permitted to retire to Montauban.—In these, the venal disposal of Judge's places—the repair of the highways by the poor—and the criminal jurisprudence of France—are reprobated with eloquence and zeal. The oppression of the lower orders, and the want of adequate establishments for the aged and infirm, are pointed out, with their modes of redress. In England the arguments of these pieces would be common-place; but in France they are new and glorious efforts for freedom—the resulting appeals to the passions are warm and

and glowing, and would be novel to the bosoms of all but Britons.—These are the mines which will sap the very foundations of arbitrary power, when the banner of Freedom cannot yet be displayed.—To a man of such sentiments, the empire of France can prove but an extensive prison:—beyond the smiles or frowns of a Minister, Lettres de Cachet, or of Revocation—can only change his residence, not abridge or enlarge his freedom—in Britain only can he cease to be an exile—whose laws would shield his opinions from the arm of power, and in every citizen he would find a brother!

pointed out, with their modes of dress. In England the arguments of these pieces would be common-place; but in France they are new and glorious efforts for freedom—the returning appeals to the passions are warm

FRENCH

FRENCH ARCHITECTURE

VOILA, Mon Ami, c'est superbe—!

This is the usual exclamation of a Parisian when he accompanies you to view any celebrated structure or public building.—I have usually given a verbal assent—but with a mental reserve——Hang reserve——out with it.—I assert then—*totidem verbis*—in the very face of travelled dilettanti's and *walking vocabularies* of architecture, that the French taste in building is—a false one!—Who but has seen the Palais Royal? most have admired it—do you admire the proportion of those windows in the second floor which front the garden, they

they are inferior in size to those which are above and beneath.—Is this a caprice to be applauded?—by what decree of taste has the base of the first story, over the turn of the arches of the arcade, been left bare, and a massy cornice transferred to the base of the upper: this is the same conceit as if a foliage of lilies were annexed to the pediment of a column, and lion's paws figured on a flower-pot.—Why those hooks of wreathed iron annexed to the building?—there is a prettiness and a petiteness in their effect, but in such a building these prove the foundation of my objection.—The Louvre I am willing to approve of as a Ruin, but till filth, stalls, and rag-shops, are removed from the shelter of its walls, it will never be an object for contemplation---its effect might be pleasing in a desert—but *quere*---is the centre
of

of a great metropolis the point of view for contemplating ruins? What does the Palais Marchand present? ---- a flight of steps of greater altitude than the visible body of the building, and wings appportioned into shops, and petty offices emulating --- the whole inclosed by iron gates, whose gilding (but for their size) would induce to consider them as having been the merchandize of a toy-shop.-----

The Italian Theatre is a pleasing structure of the Ionic Order--- it were to be wished that its façade were more extended--- The Theatre of the French Comedy has various beauties.--- These public structures are many of them free from the affected ornaments of private individuals---but the most perfect are those two, of the Corinthian Order, within the Place of Louis Queinz, which front the river ---
here

here elegance and magnificence unite with a favourable point of view : it is somewhat to be able to instance three buildings of merit in so extensive a city as Paris ! I know it is usual with many, when objections of this kind are made, to tell you, that such buildings are constructed according to the rules of architecture : an answer of this kind has a two-fold tendency, it begs the question in dispute, and it makes an assertion on conjecture--the point is, not whether such a structure is built according to the rules of an Order, but whether it is such as, with relation to its uses and situation, it ought to be ? Were a nobleman in Russia to build a mansion in a populous city in the Gothic stile, surrounded by others of an elegant construction, would not his taste with reason be arraigned ? and yet he could plead the
rules

rules of an Order in his defence (for the Gothic may be deemed an Order). It might be reasonably objected, that a building of a Gothic construction was but ill-calculated for a cold climate—such an objection is valid, and it has a reference to use and situation.——Again, those who inform you that it is built according to rule—are they in many instances founded in their opinions—are they in many instances judges—or, supposing them judges, have they accurately examined the proportion of that particular building?—It may be supposed that men who have erected houses of note could not want regular models and instruction—but will human vanity never propose alterations and additions—and is it the interest of an architect to object?—add to this, that many buildings are compounded, and
 parti

participate of more than one Order—may not the proportion of one of these to another, with relation to use and situation, (which must ever be taken into consideration before beauty be decided on) exceed or fall short of propriety and fitness?—The fact is, the French have but little idea of elegant simplicity in architecture, they may once have possessed it, but in search of novelty appear to have gone beyond it.

CHEVA-

CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE.

THIS celebrated character is a Creole, son to a governor of St. Domingo. Parallels have been drawn between him and the ‘inimitable Crichton,’ whose qualifications are so interestingly described in ‘The Adventurer.’—The Chevalier’s skill in music, fencing, and the languages, is the theme of Paris: such is the opinion entertained by the French of his superiority at the sword, that there is an edict of the Parliament of Paris, declaring it death for him to engage with any man.—At the commencement of last summer

mer this gentleman exhibited proofs of his address at Carlton-House ;— but why does the diffidence of Lieutenant G——n (the inventor of the new bayonet exercise) permit the Chevalier to remain without a suitable antagonist ? — Why is he not called forth and countenanced in the attempt ?—emulation in every art is glorious ! In this country there are many who would wish to render the Chevalier's fame incontrovertible, by annexing this conquest to his former ones, or to have his honours transferred by the superiority of a British subject. Even defeat, from such a hand as the Chevalier's, could not prove a subject of mortification to Mr. G——n.

ABDICATION.

ABDICATION! repeated Monsieur P——, with a smile (I was speaking of our glorious Revolution) *oh, Monsieur, vous plaisantez.*—It was in vain that I attempted to explain—he was determined it should be a matter of *badinage*, and so I was obliged to leave it with him. Though the subject of an arbitrary monarch, he could conceive a series of acts of oppression and injustice, a sufficient cause for deposing a Prince—but to assign the vacancy in the throne to Abdication — which, he conceived, implied a voluntary act, was, in his
 appre-

apprehension, a play upon words. Every subsequent discussion of this point with others of his countrymen was, in effect, but an appeal to a smile—they would railly, but not reason with me—we agreed in deposing the King, but not without an *Abdication* of the expression.

FRENCH

FRENCH THEATRES.

HERE we may exclaim with Sterne, — “They order this matter better in France ;” — there are for every part of the Theatres a fixed number of billets, when these are issued out, no interest could obtain admission — crowded houses are thus avoided, and the *spectacle* of the night beheld with ease and satisfaction. You are in no place so sensible of military influence as at the Theatres — soldiers are dispersed through all parts, who instantly quell every attempt at disturbance — they seem sensible of their

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tantly

importance, and decide with *hauteur*—resistance is never attempted where it is known that resistance would be vain. The *Parterre* in Paris assumes the same powers as a London Pit, and, in some cases superior ones—it decides on the merit of new pieces, and not seldom has proved a censor of the boxes, and guardian of decorum. In the course of the winter, a young lady appeared in the first boxes who had two feathers arrayed over her forehead in the form of horns; the indelicacy of the emblem excited the indignation of the *Parterre*—pointed proofs of disapprobation continued till they had compelled her to withdraw.—In retiring, carriages draw up in the order of their arrival—nor would an instant's unnecessary delay be permitted, even in favour of a Prince of the Blood.—Twenty thousand men, thought

thought I, would not effect this in Covent-Garden—and may it ever be so!

RICHLIEU's MONUMENT

IS erected in the body of the Sorbonne Chapel, to which Society he was a distinguished benefactor. It is of yellow Parian marble, of a vein peculiarly delicate, the whole fashioned from a single block.—The Cardinal lies nearly supine on the body of the monument, at his feet the emblematic figures of Religion and Learning. — There is a peculiar beauty in the disposition of the drapery of the latter — her mantle appears totally fallen from one shoulder, which is left bare, to intimate how much men of letters would be deprived

prived of patronage by his death.—
 The execution of this piece is faultless, but possesses none of those striking excellencies, of which the more particular designs of statuary are capable.----Novel design in monumental sculpture were much to be desired---Genius will find the subject far from exhausted.

The chapel of the Sorbonne is the most simple piece of Popery I have seen----small, nor prodigal in ornament---the good Doctors, it would seem, require not that pageantry which is necessary to excite a mechanical devotion in the multitude.—
 The influence of this Body has, in many instances, been considerable—in spirituals their decisions are weighty—nor in Temporals can the Court offend them with impunity : — they

occasionally start forth Theses's for
discussion concerning divine and hu-
man rights — when conclusions are
not always drawn favourable to the
cause of Princes.

NOTRE

NOTRE DAME,

NO person but a Frenchman would ever have thought of comparing this church with St. Paul's.—Gasconade becomes as visible in approximating little things to great as in the reverse, and in this instance the characteristic boast was not forgotten.—It will be doing ample justice to Notre Dame to permit it a competition with some of our country cathedrals.—In the great aisle are a number of paintings, one of which has peculiar merit—it represents Mary Magdalen at the feet of Jesus, and Martha, her sister, com-

ing to reprove her for not assisting in paying attention to their guests :— the contrite humility of Mary — a degree of envy in the countenance of Martha, at the idea of a preference—with the chaste placid repression in that of Jesus — have all that effect which mere inanimate representation can excite.——Grouped pieces, in which there are more than two leading characters, are most likely to interest the feelings, by presenting to the view the relation of a variety of emotions—in this point of consideration the present subject is particularly happy —— Mary, Jesus, and Martha, are all principals ; — in inferior *situations*—contemplation is usually bounded by a single emotion—a prospect less affecting, as is evident from the diminished

nished pleasure with which one beholds the allegorical representation of a single passion.

I In France (said) — in England
 alas! — when the former takes the
 latter does — England too has its
 men of dissipated sentiment — and
 often have been surprised that the
 nation has not been more sensible
 in its reception of them — why not
 lay taxes for them? — Does a man
 talk of generosity or charity — why
 not let him in his school, his sister
 objects on which to exercise those
 propensities! — Care should be taken
 NAM A A **G** upon him — nor
 should the world be ungrateful
 with the event — if vanity were
 the

A MAN OF SENTIMENT

IN France speaks — in England acts ;—what the former talks of—the latter does.—— England too has its men of *theoretical* sentiment — and often have I been surprized that the nation has not been more favourable in its reception of them—why not lay snares for them ?—Does a man talk of generosity or charity — why not assist him in his researches after objects on which to exercise those propensities !—Care should be taken to—*pin his professions* upon him—nor should the world be unacquainted with the event—thus, if vanity were
the

the motive, might (according to the system of a Mandevil) a private foible become a public benefit — why then exclude Sentiment? — of polished society it is an ornament and grace, and may be beneficial even in affectation. Candour would conclude, that “from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.” — Why exclude Sentiment, which rolled along in the periods of of a Chatham has

“Asserted Freedom and enacted Laws.”

—Every city—every nation—has its *Blandishes* and *Surfaces*—but does a rough-spun character necessarily imply sincerity—is the *hollow* nut never covered with a *husk*!

THE MARECHAUSSEE.

WHY, said I, this armed patrolle at mid-day? 'it is the custom of our country.'—This is no answer to a man who looks for motives—but as the gentlest horses are ridden with bridles as well as the most ungovernable—so I found that the loyal Parisians could not be *managed* without the curb of an armed patrolle.—

The Marechauffee are to be met in all quarters of the city in small parties;—to the wholesome prejudices of an Englishman, their appearance is hostile—they resemble our heavy horse, and have large cloaks, which
add

add bulk and solemnity to their figures—through these you discover the hilts of their swords and caps of their pistols—their progress is foot by foot—not a lane is unexplored—it appears to be an object of research with them to discover if any spark of liberty remains yet unextinguished. They are not confined to Paris, but are to be met in all the highways of the kingdom—they examine passports, and persons whom they deem suspicious.—These instruments of an apprehensive Government are regarded with horror—Exile, imprisonment, death—seem to join in their train—nor could the most self-collected receive a visit from them undismayed.

C'EST

C'EST EGAL.

A Frenchman never yields a victory in dispute—at the worst he contends for a drawn battle——Here ‘*C’est Egal*’ is brought up—it serves like a piece of artillery to cover a retreat!—if this be not sufficient——‘*C’est la même chose*’—is wheeled up after it—it must be hot fire which frequent discharges of these will not slacken—’tis odds too but he shall return and erect a trophy when you have quitted the field, with the persuasion of victory——Let our Negotiators account for this!

AN ARRANGEMENT.

EVERY language has its idiom — ‘*Madame, voulez vous faire un Arrangement*’ — such is the idiom of Parisian gallantry: every thing is to be understood — *secundum subjectam materiam* — thus then how stands it with — an Arrangement? — That the subject is *material* — I defy the subtlest metaphysician to dispute. — The disciples of Des Cartes would talk of vortices — the Newtonian of a centripetal force — whilst the Verulamians would be sticklers for — experiment.

Daugh-

—Daughters of Britain—in whom
 virtue shines resplendent — seek not
 to define — ‘ an Arrangement’ ——
 ‘ definitions are dangerous.’

ST. GERMAINS

IS distant twelve miles from Paris, situated on a considerable eminence; it is long and irregular, but worthy the attention of an English traveller, as containing the palace which was assigned as a residence for our James the Second after his abdication.—If this pile of building were not in a more tenantable condition in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth than at present, I can entertain but a slight opinion of the hospitality of the *Grand Monarque*—every part of it bears the appearance of the most abject decay.—There is a chace annexed to it, said

said to abound in game: the elevation of its site confers a prospect beautiful and extended.

Here the wretched James, baffled in every attempt, and desperate of re-establishment, wore down the remains of a life imbittered by every human calamity—deserted by friends—indebted to enemies—more misguided than vicious, his very virtues were baneful, and perverted, precipitated his fall—his intolerant piety would have forced adopted errors on his subjects, whilst his proved valour and resolution served only to enforce the bias of his judgement.

The miserable adherents and followers of this prince, with their posterity, have (with a few exceptions) experienced every horror of exile—
singular

singular fate of the royal brothers!—the former became a voluntary pensioner to the enemy of his country, to increase the circle of his pleasures; the latter an involuntary one, for the support of existence. On the darkness of this reign of bigotry and tyranny arose—the Glorious Revolution!—*Hinc novus seclorum ordo*—hence the reign of *Law*!—supporting and supported by the illustrious line of BRUNSWICK!—

Fare thee well, St. Germain!—mayst thou never again afford an asylum to British Royalty!

ROUEN.

R O U E N

MAY be considered as one of the first commercial towns in France ; it is the capital of Upper Normandy ; distant ninety miles from Paris ;—it is situated in an extensive plain, environed on one side by a chain of hills, the Seine rolls along the other. There are here considerable manufactories of stuffs and fustians. This town is very ancient, but of no present strength—since the Conquest it has frequently been honoured with the temporary residence of some of the Kings of England during their invasions of France ; the remains of

two are deposited in the great church—here a Clarendon fixed the seat of his exile : I have been informed that it is the summer resort of a number of English.—The streets are foul and narrow, nor does there seem to be any great attraction in the society, so that I in vain sought a foundation for this preference. The single subject of curiosity I could meet at Rouen was, a paved bridge of boats over the Seine ; it is so constructed, that one or more can be slipped out to open a passage when necessary.—The best hotels are in the Rue des Carmes and in the Boulevards. In summer, the charms of the season would induce to pass by water from Paris to Rouen ; but in winter, such a scheme would be attended with many inconveniencies.

Dieppe

Dieppe is distant twelve leagues from Rouen, between which place and Brighthelmstone there is a constant run of packets.

FRENCH

Dieppe

FRENCH ACADEMIES.

‘**MEN** and things,’ such is the language of the day—a ‘knowledge of men and things,’ and how is it to be acquired? What a question!—Fix your son in pension at a French academy; you will find them sprinkled through Paris and the great provincial towns; one of the latter I have seen; there is usually a menage, where the student may ride—if the horses are not under a course of physic.—A dancing-master teaches the caper of the day, and the adoption of morning draughts of champaign—whilst table-talk with the family confers

fers an ungrammatical smattering of the language. It is the part of the Madames and Mademoiselles of the household to bestow the graces—*L'amour* is not forgotten, nor are the lessons always confined to the theory of the passion—from such a seminary issues to the contest of life the all-accomplished youth, —unburthened with *pedantic* classic literature, a reflected principle, or a confirmed opinion—lightly he skims o'er the towns of the Continent, and, *comme un homme d'esprit*, memorializes the goodness of inns and the adventures of itinerant actresses.—The billiard table furnishes him with mathematical tenets, whilst the absurdity of one religion excites a contempt for all.—Thus fashioned, he returns to his native country, a candidate for a post of honour, and promoted to none—In
Parlia-

Parliament he would speak, would the House permit him to address them in French; in private life he dogmatizes with *pointless* remark and *emphatic nothings*; exhibiting a genuine portrait of that disgusting character—a *solemn fop*!

THE MAID OF HARFLEUR.

—THERE was no abiding the pitiless tempest ; so turning the head of my horse towards a cottage which lay adjacent to the road, I sought its shelter—a curling eddy of smoke issuing from the chimney seemed to say, All was comfortable—the breast of my steed op'd a slight wicker gate——(no surly Swiss defended the porch)—and I gained the door ; a rap with my knuckles did away the boldness of intrusion ; but here could be no intrusion—on my entrance every countenance spoke a welcome, the labour of an industrious groupe
was

was suspended—one took a hat dripping with wet, it was consigned to an adjacent wall—my whip, great coat, gloves, were successively resigned, whilst the aged dame of the hospitable cot, with a slight pressure on my arms, made me tenant of her wicker chair—an additional faggot blazed on the hearth. Say the luxury, ye whom tempests have overtaken far from inn or shelter, and pelted by the storm!—A chiding for neglect sent a younger boy to house my horse—‘ Monsieur had not breakfasted ;’ they were sure he had not—it was in vain to deny it—A lowly stool was strewed with a napkin ; eggs, butter, cheese, and virgin honey-comb, with all the fare of rustic store, were lavished on the board ; this done, the sons resumed the labour of their looms—the matron and younger

daughter their wheels, whilst my further accommodation was consigned to the care of the elder, who was sent to the cellar in quest of cyder, with an after-charge to bring a bottle of the larger size—‘for Monsieur, it is the best’—by the cheerful glow on their countenances they seemed to survey their hospitable handy-work—I had now leisure to contemplate the graces of my fair cup-bearer—her’s was the dewy morn of beauty, scarce sixteen summers had unfolded her charms; her person was of that delicacy and extended size, which to many, possesses more of the *touchant* than the confirmed symmetry of maturity; her eyes, beaming languor, swam in a milky fluid; teeth small, correspondent to her form, aided the graces of a mouth, whose smiles played around the heart;—a few minute

nute freckles, specks of the sun, were her only claim to rusticity:— as she stood at her wheel, the wool, compressed by her fingers, gave an opportunity of admiring their length, whilst the alternate advances and retirings in drawing out the thread, bore the semblance of encouragement and coy retreat.—Such the maid of Harfleur, and such her attitude !

Ye Stoics, ye men of apathy, ye advocates for indifference, your boast is all pretence—is it for man to behold female beauty connected with innocence without emotion ? an emotion which the Deity himself excites —Go to, go to, ye hesitate not to admire the beauties of painting and sculpture, and will ye slight the animated, the glowing canvas of Na-

nure!—Such the maid of Harfleur, and such her attitude!

At intervals she suspended her toil to replenish my cup with the beverage of her country—Was I not a stranger?—Hail, ye little courtesies, which are to be felt, not defined; which are to be traced to the instinct of the heart, not the precept of the head, and which, tendered by the arm of beauty, are for ever registered by the feelings. I complimented her mother on the possession of such a daughter; would she permit her to return with me to England?—The mother smiled at the *badinage*—*Prenez la, Monsieur, prenez la*, take her, Sir, take her—I looked to the fair girl—the compliment had suffused her cheek; embarrassed, and with her eyes cast down, she waved her head.

I could

I could have gazed for hours ; but where would this end ?—My gloves, my whip, my hat, were successively sought, and reluctantly consigned to me. I pressed a pecuniary compensation on the mother, which was totally rejected ; nor would I have been more successful in making the overture to the daughter, had I not urged it as a token of remembrance,—as such she would receive it. Her sister was dispatched with a key to bring her little worsted purse, in which we jointly deposited the keepsake—companion to a ring, a broken crucifix, and some copper monies—the worldly riches of the Maid of Harfleur !

Turn round thy wheel, fair maid,
pursue thy simple task ; it is the task
of virtue ; and though thou mayst

not spin for thyself the thread of happiness, the Fates ought!—Would I could say again, Adieu! Some swarthy clown of rude embrace shall prey upon thy sweets—thy opening freshness blighted all—domestic drudgery leaves not a wreck behind!

Let Princes and Statesmen furnish the historiographer of a court with subjects for anecdotes widely divulged—a rainy morn and the oft-shewn pocket-piece shall call to remembrance the sheltered guest, and constitute the anecdote of a Hamlet!

HAVRE

HAVRE DE GRACE.

IS a sea-port of some consequence on the coast of Normandy—here the Seine discharges itself. The town is ancient, and the fortifications not considerable.—None of the Noblesse or Gentry reside here, it is entirely appropriated to the commercial class. How this place escaped a desultory attack during the late war, is a matter of surprize—any resistance it could have made would have been found feeble and unavailing—its only defence towards the sea is a small fort, with about twelve or fourteen pieces of cannon of inconsiderable bore, and

not more than half of these, from the circular form of the fort, could have been brought to bear on the same ship—there is an open expanse of dead water, land locked, nine miles in breadth, between this place and Honfleur, where a fleet might have lain with safety, and, on the favourable period of the tide, have sent in large frigates to destroy the place, its docks and shipping, which are considerable. Were there a sufficient depth of water for ships of the line to lie near to Havre—its situation is so open and exposed, it might be destroyed within an hour :—but from my own remarks, and the observations of others, I am induced to believe that frigates, under the protection of a fleet, would be adequate to the purpose—any attempt to land in the country adjacent to this place, would be hazardous in the

the extreme, as it is uneven, and covered with commanding eminences. With the exception of the docks—Havre presents nothing worthy the attention of a traveller—it is distant fifteen leagues from Rouen.—From this place wherries pass daily over an arm of the sea to—

Packets are now established between Havre and Southampton.

H O N F L E U R.

HONFLEUR is Havre in miniature, from which place it is distant three leagues—the same fleet which destroys Havre must accomplish its object here without an attempt at resistance. The shipping of these two ports carry on no inconsiderable share of French commerce.

FRENCH

FRENCH POSTILLION.

NEVER did Nature and Art, in their giddiest mood, give birth to so eccentric an appearance as a French Postillion.—It is the province of the latter to furnish him with—a smart cocked hat—a greasy night-cap—and a Ramilies tail—his limbs are dropped into a pair of iron-bound boots, which might be mistaken for culverins, and a whip equips him sovereign of steeds;—to the former he is indebted for a lathy figure, and *gaieté de cœur*:—thus blended and composed—on he goes, kicking and cursing—whipping and *foutering*—to his jour—

journey's end — cavern and dale re-
 echo to his lash — in vain would his
 switch-tailed jades deny the task —
 even stumbling avails them not — a
 league and a half are dispatched with-
 in the hour — his vaunted speed ! — His
 little boon received, the happy wretch
 regales his village *maitresse* — their
 chiming glasses join in amorous allu-
 sion — and all the labours of the whip
 forgot !

A FRAG-

A F R A G M E N T.

THE noon-tide beam shot fervent
 —apart from his companions in toil
 lay Zorindar, the Moor—the hour of
 cessation from bodily labour was to
 him the hour of mental fatigue—Re-
 collection became his task-master !—
 it held out to him the eminence of his
 birth, and his present station—the
 ignominious services of slavery, and
 his submission to them—the glories of
 freedom, and the impossibility of at-
 taining it : — Morality could present
 no philosophic shield to an untutored
 African.—Alas ! his were not *moral*
 chains—which could occasionally be
 relaxed — nor could Religion avail
 more

more—the God of Zorindar was not the God of resignation!—Should he destroy himself?—the ireful Deity whom he adored might devote him, in that far distant country beyond the mountains of Ethiopia, (where the Coward and the Warrior after this life were to retire) to endless slavery—for having died a slave!—Should he abjure this Deity—where could he find another?—That splendid luminary, whose cheering influence has raised him up temples in the breasts of millions, was not to him an object of adoration.—Was he not an aggravation of and a witness to his calamities?—The placid Empress of the night could claim no homage here—the deprived him of that darkness which should veil his shame!—the pressure of the present calamity became intolerable, and Despair suggested—that
there:

there might not be an Hereafter !—
 Let not Science in future vaunt its
 infidelity as a singular and sublime
 speculation—it pervaded the breast of
 the unlettered Zorindar—the uplifted
 steel was about to plunge the wretched
 African into hapless certainty, when
 the hand of Benignus arrested his arm
 —Zorindar was the *property* of Be-
 nignus !—Being of Infinite Justice !
 —in whose hands are the scales of
 eternal rectitude—sanctionest thou the
 claim of man on his like ?—Shall that
 free-agency, which alone renders him
 amenable to thy behests, be wrested
 from him to further the views of for-
 did avarice ?—Wilt not thou be ex-
 treme to mark the offences of those
 who would deprive thee of—the free-
 will offering of the heart ?—Surely
 thou wilt.

The

The usage of the West India Islands was abhorrent from the feelings of Benignus—he designed to liberate his slaves, and only waited that expected moment when the Senate of Britain would prohibit the future traffic of—men!—His disinterestedness at such a period might operate forcibly as an example to others, and emancipate some who were already devoted.

Come forward, ye Task-masters of the West—and, arraigned at the bar of Reason and Humanity—hear the interrogatories of men, and anticipate those of God!—If gold gives you no right over your own lives—how can it over that of others?—Where found ye the whip—the chain—the trailing log?—In the system of Christianity?—No—it divulges ‘peace, good-will, towards men.’—In the code
of

of Nature?—No—ye tyrants!—her laws are not written in blood.—In the traditional precepts of your ancestors?—No, no---for they were Englishmen!—Whence the right of enslaving even the fruit of their loins?—But—my soul turn from them!

What--though wealth may flow in contracted channels into some of our trading towns—Would the sons of commerce in Bristol and Liverpool wish to feast on the sighs---the tears---the anguish, of their fellow-creatures?---In such a cause would not beauty relinquish one from the number of its ornamental plumes?---and *glistening in mercy*—be—“when unadorned, adorned the most.”

What, though ostentatious liberality has, after years of servitude,
doomed

doomed a wretch to liberty and the fight of his country—he is become incapable of enjoying it in the state to which it reduces him.—The winding bank of an Afric stream—its glassy mirror—the bauble trinket, with nature's simple luxuries—to him tasteless!—for he has shared of the board spread by the finger of Science—drank of the cup tempered by Art:—nor have his jetty limbs been reluctant to the movements of grace—painful pre-eminence above his fellows! and only to be atoned for by relinquishment.

What, though usage devotes the captive African to the yoke of foreign bondage—shall the sanction of a British Senate rivet his chains?----Shall the pure and wholesome breath of our laws here alone become pestilential,
widely

widely contagious with torments---
 thralldom---death?—A British sta-
 tute! (that weapon so powerful when
 wielded by a Chatham!) A British
 statute disarms contending nations,
 and lays the foundation of peace by
 depriving victory of its reward.—
 Who shall object that any regulation
 of our Parliament would be but par-
 tial in its operation, without the con-
 currence of the other Powers of Eu-
 rope?—It is for England to compel
 them to embrace the cause of huma-
 nity, by the determining motive of
 self-interest.—Would (if it were
 possible) that, the claims of misery
 being uninjured, they were to per-
 severe in the present system! and thus
 insure success to our future attempts
 on their Western possessions--how
 formidable a body of allies who want-
 ed nothing but—arms!—How decisive
 their

their onset who had each *personal* injuries to revenge! What a resource to England in the heroism of their despair! A

Has Fate spun out the extended days of a Mansfield that he may wind up an admired judicial and legislative life, by weaving this scheme of freedom!—A Thurlow will not be found ranged on the side of oppression—nor will the suggestion fail—that claims may subsist with energy—though as yet unfashioned by the forms of law.—The voice of a Rawdon will not be wanting to second the voice of—Nature—the man whose conduct spoke a want of reliance on *hereditary* nobility, will never be an advocate for bondage!—Enviably distinction for him who can thus replenish the cup of Honor

rich

at

at the mouth or the source of the stream !

Senate of Britain---imitate the Deity in his most amiable attribute---mercy !---Dispel the cloud of slavery---it is but again, with your human ability, to imitate the *fiat* of Omnipotence---“ Let there be light---and there was light !”

S M U G G L I N G.

IT may appear matter of surprize that in a country so regulated as France, abounding in troops and retainers of the Police—such an outrage of the laws, as smuggling, should subsist—but what will not indigent despair, prodigal of existence, attempt and effect!—The number of persons engaged in the contraband trade of France, are estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand—to suppress these there are fifty thousand armed peasantry in the pay of the Farmers-General—part of these are employed in the high roads—others take their
stations

stations on the approach of night, at certain intervals, on the cliffs of the unfrequented part of the sea coasts, and are relieved at stated periods.—

This offence is punished by condemnation to the galleys for life — the severity of this measure has rendered the smugglers in France the most abandoned desperadoes—instant death becomes preferable to submission—nor do they ever yield but to superiority of numbers.

C A E N

IS distant ten leagues from Hon-
 fleur—for cleanliness and situation
 this town may vie with most in
 France—a river of some magnitude
 passes through it, on whose banks
 are walks charmingly sequestered.—
 In this place and neighbourhood are
 many of the Noblesse—all the
 frugal pleasures of elegant society
 may be attained—and the Theatre
 visited for so inconsiderable a sub-
 scription as fifteen shillings a month.
 —The French language is spoken
 here

here with particular propriety. —
 In summer many of the English
 reside at Caen — its air — rides —
 and the peculiar hospitality of the
 gentlemen of Normandy — render it
 a delightful *sejour*.

In one of the churches of this
 town were deposited the remains of
 William the Conqueror. — The
 people of Normandy are, in per-
 sonal appearance, superior to those
 of any other part of the kingdom
 — their figures are robust — and in
 the freshness of their looks, they
 approach the clearness of an Eng-
 lish complexion. — Their horses
 and other cattle are of the largest
 growth. — This the country which
 gave birth to the Conqueror.

EXILE

On leaving Paris I had designed to visit Cherbourg — but meeting an agreeable party, who were returning to England, we joined society — and again took the *route* of Havre.

EXILE.

E X I L E.

FROM surveying the Light-house which is on the summit of a cliff to the northward of Havre, my eyes turned instinctively to the sea—they were bent to that part of the expanse where England was supposed to lie—And what, said I, were I never to return!—the very suggestion ran chill at my heart—my eyes suffused with tears—from a feeling of imaginary woe the path lay sympathetically to the *involuntary* Exile—who—never must return.—How many,

said I, at this moment drag on a miserable existence in this extensive kingdom—shut out from England and connections!—Wretched wanderers!—without present design or future hope—alone amidst surrounding crowds—and, like solitary links, wrested from the general chain of society—no domestic interest affords subjects on which to rest the affections—aliens, without a wish to be naturalized even in feeling.—Such men have I seen in the provincial towns and the metropolis—they seemed to gaze with satisfaction on the countenance of an Englishman—it was for a time—‘turning away from the face of an enemy’—such the victims of guilt and misfortune! How frequently has it happened that the former, wearied out with the
irk-

irkdomenefs of unbefriended Exile, have, by their return, flung themfelves into the very arms of profecution — the fling of confcious guilt, whetted by indigence, proves infupportable, and the haplefs wretches feek an afylum from fucide in—the juftice of their country !

Againft this calamity — how vain the fhield of Philofophy !—look to a Cicero and a Bolingbroke — behold them flinging away its unavailing protection, and betaking themfelves to womanifh complaints and entreaties.——Religion may effect much—but even here—is an aggravation of calamity—will not the customs of the Egyptians prove an abomination to the Hebrews ?——No Minifter of Holy Precept, and correfponding

practice, is here to speak peace to the afflicted—in the heart alone can the sequestered Temple of the Deity be erected, and thither brought, the humble offerings of a contrite spirit!—

Whence is it — that every Essay on Exile has proved defective? — they are but feeble echoes of the weak descriptions of a Bolingbroke — a Seneca — a Cicero. — Is it that the subject unnerves the faculties—or that the horrors of Exile—are not to be expressed!

4 DE 58

My steps, descending the hill,
 fought the Port — I gained the
 Packet with transport — the swell
 of emotions — is not to be describ-
 ed—to the involuntary Exile I left
 a sigh

